

*The Historie of*

*Hot.* That Roane shal be my throne. Well, I will backe him straight, O fiperance, bid Butler lead him forth into the parke.

*La.* But heare you my Lord.

*Hot.* What failest thou my Lady?

*La.* What is it carries you away?

*Hot.* Why, my horse (my loue) my horse.

*La.* Out you madhedded ape, a weazell hath not such a deal of spleene, as you are rost with. In faith Ile know your busines Harry, that I wil: I fear, my brother Mortimer doth stir about his title, & hath sent for you to line his enterprise, but if you go

*Hot.* So far a foote, I shal be weary, loue.

*La.* Come, come you Paraquito answere me directly, vnto this questiō that I shal aske: in faith Ile break thy little finger, Harry, and if thou wilt not tell me all thinges true.

*Hot.* Away, away you trisler, loue; I loue thee not, I care not for thee Kate, this is no world To play with mamuets, and to tilt with lips, We must haue bloudie noses, and crackt crownes, And passe them currant too: gods me my horse: What failest thou Kate; what wouldst thou haue with me?

*La.* Do you not loue me? do you not indeede?

Wel, do not then: for since you loue me not,

I will not loue my selfe. Do you not loue me?

Nay, tel me, if you speake in ieast, or no?

*Hot.* Come wilt thou see me ride?

And when I am a horseback, I wil swere,

I loue thee infinitely. But harke you Kate,

I must not haue you henceforth, question me,

Whither I go: nor reason where about.

Whither I must, I must: and to conclude,

This euening must I leaue you Gentle Kate:

I know you wise, but yet no farther wise,

Then Harry Percies wife: constant you are,

But yet a woman and for secrecy,

No Lady closer, for I wil beleaue,

Thou wilt not vtter what thou dost not know:

And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

*La.* How, so far?

*Hot.*

*Henric the fourth.*

*Hot.* Not an inch further: but harke you Kate, VVhither I go, thither shall you go too:

To day will I set forth, to morrow you:

VVill this content you Kate?

*Lady.* I must of force.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Prince and Paines.*

*Prince.* Ned, prethee come out of that fat roome, & leaue thy hand to laugh a little.

*Paines.* VVhere hast bin Hal?

*Prin.* VVith three or foure logger-heads, amongst foure score hogf-heads. I haue founded the very base of humility. Sirra, I am sworne brother to a leash of drawes: can call them all by their christen names, as Tom, Dick, Francis: they take it already vpon their saluation, that I be but prince of VVales, yet I am the King of curtesie, & flatly I am not proud lack, like Falstaf, but a Corin- thian lad of mettall, a good boy (by the Lord so they call me when I am King of England, I shall command all the good in Eastcheape. They call drinking deepe, dying scarlet, & you breath in your warring, they cry hem, and bid you off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an houre, that I can drinke with any Tinkar in his language, during my life. I tel thee Ned, thou hast lost honour that thou wert not with me in this action, but swe- to sweeten which name of Ned, I giue thee this pen- sugar, clapt euen now into my hand, by an vnder skin that neuer spake ocher English in his life, than eight shil- lings pence, and you are welcome, with this shrill addition anon sir, skore a pint of bassard in the halfe moone, or Ned, to driue away time til Falstaf come: I prethee stand in some by roome, while I question my puny dr- what end he gaue me the sugar, and doe neuer leaue Francis, that his tale to me may bee nothing but, an on- side, and Ile shew thee a present.

*Paines.* Francis.

*Prince.* Thou art perfect.

*Paines.* Francis.

*Enter drawer*

*Fran.* Anone an one sir, looke downe into the Po-

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